

JUVENILE WHITE WINGS DAY

BIG BILL EDWARDS'S REVIVAL
OF COL. WARING'S AUXILIARY.

Great Time for Young Street Cleaners of the Crowded District—The Blind Man Who Sees for an Army of Youngsters—The Great Secret of the Prize.

Lena Brown, of the red hair and the round, white stockings, planted herself boldly in front of a very large man who stood smoking a cigar yesterday afternoon under the trees of Dexter Park, on the road to Woodhaven in Queens. She turned steady gray eyes up to those of the large man and questioned him without embarrassment.

"Gentleman, please tell me did we win the banner?"

The large man looked down at Lena quizzically.

"Why do you ask me?" he queried.

"Why, because," was Lena's unabashed answer, "Jaakey Mendelbaum told me you were Commissioner Edwards, and of course you ought to know. I'm president of the Bright Star Civic League of School 128 in Brownsville. There's fifty of us—all girls. You saw us march by when you were standing there on the benches watching. Please, did we win the banner?"

The large man who had been stalked and cornered by Lena chewed his cigar and looked severe.

"Don't you know," he began, "that this is a very great secret—this business of who won the banners? And don't you know that you are asking me to tell a secret?"

"Oh, yes, sir; but my father told me once that politicians could keep secrets except from a woman." Lena's gray eyes never winked.

"Well, what do you think of me, let me whisper in your ear, but remember, don't tell anybody." The very large man bent over and said a little word in Lena's ear.

"Thank you, sir," said Lena. "The members of my society will be very glad." Then the president of the Bright Star walked off, leaving Commissioner Edwards to chew his cigar in rumination.

The banner that Lena's society won and two others, gathered in by the boys of School 64 and the boys and girls of School 74, respectively, were large enough to cover temporarily a whole horizon of juvenile ambition. They came from Commissioner Edwards himself and they represented excellence in the drill showing of the city's youthful white wings.

The Juvenile League, Col. Waring called this auxiliary organization of the Department of Street Cleaning when in the city he met Reuben S. Simon, an assistant foreman in the department, to work getting the children of the public schools banded into societies pledged to assist the regulars of the department in keeping the city streets clean through prompt and domestic supervision. Simon did his work well at the time and much in the way of instruction of ignorant parents in their wise youngsters was accomplished.

Four years later, after the retirement of Col. Waring, the Juvenile League fell apart, and it was not until the late Commissioner Edwards took up the work of getting the children of the public schools banded into societies pledged to assist the regulars of the department in keeping the city streets clean through prompt and domestic supervision. Simon did his work well at the time and much in the way of instruction of ignorant parents in their wise youngsters was accomplished.

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LEGAL FIGHT OVER A CHURCH.

Ownership of the Edifice Claimed by Congregationalists and Presbyterians.

CANASTOTA, N.Y., July 7.—The spectacle of the people of two Church denominations, Congregational and Presbyterian, at loggerheads over the ownership of a church and airing their differences in court proved a source of no end of interest in this vicinity to-day. It was over West Church of Onondaga Lake that the court battle was fought. There were lawyers arrayed on each side and witnesses were cross-examined just as in a case in ordinary court cases.

A clergyman, the Rev. J. Elmer Russell, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Chittenango, presided over the trial in the church building and the ownership of which the trial came about.

West Church was originally established by the Congregationalists and the members of the Presbyterian Church have attended services there and have contributed largely to its support. It has also been helped by the Syracuse Presbytery, which has established a mission here and has been instrumental in the church's support.

The jury's verdict favored the Congregationalists and the church therefore will continue to receive an annuity from the estate of a former Congregationalist member, which would have been lost had the Presbyterians triumphed.

606 DEBARRED IN 11 DAYS

Undesirables Find This Port Closed Tight Against Them.

Merke Droszinski, a Russian Jew less than 16 years old, who was landed about a week ago at Ellis Island from the Hamburg American liner Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, is now on her way back to the port whence she sailed. It was said yesterday that her uncle, a merchant of Louisville, had taken steps to have her brought back to this country again immediately.

Commissioner of Immigration William Williams said yesterday that the girl had been a penniless and that there was nobody at the island who was in a position to help her. She said that her mother was on the other side and that she was going to a cousin in Louisville. A rule of the immigration department is that no girl under 16 accompanied by parents or guardians, and as the Droszinski girl was 15 years and was also without money she was ordered deported.

From June 28 to July 6 the special board of inquiry at Ellis Island has ordered deported 66 persons, mostly Italians and penniless Jews. The result of a day's work yesterday was the exclusion of 106 persons. There have been appeals to Washington in a small number of these cases. The last administration at Ellis Island made no such record as this.

THAW'S FIGHT TO GET OUT.

Noted Ally to Testify for Him—Justice Gaylor Not Yet Heard From.

WHITE PLAINS, July 7.—In order to be near her son Harry during the trial before Justice Mills to determine whether he is now sane Mrs. William Thaw has engaged a suite at the Carlton Arms Hotel. She will reside there with her daughter, the former Countess of Yarmouth, and her son J. C. Thaw and his wife. Mrs. Thaw will keep a big touring car to carry her son's witnesses from the station to the court house and from there to the hotel.

Harry Thaw is occupying one of the rooms in the hospital section of the jail and says he is greatly pleased with his surroundings, which are far different from those at the Matteawan asylum. Mr. Morschauer, Thaw's counsel, has engaged three of the most noted alienists in the country, who will testify that Thaw is now sane. So far Justice Mills has not received the decision from Justice Gaylor on the motion of the Attorney-General to treat the insanity proceedings from Westchester to New York county.

AUGUST BELMONT SAILS.

Takes Two Sons With Him—Laughs When Marriage Story Recurs.

August Belmont, who sailed yesterday by the Cunarder Lucania for Liverpool, was asked if he intended to marry Eleanor Robson, the actress, while he was abroad. He laughed and answered that he had no intention of doing so. He said that the object of his trip, he said, was to show his boys, Morgan and Raymond, something of the Continent. Mr. Belmont said that he was blind, but that he was doing a work that was worth more to the department than the \$500 a year he received.

So this blind man, beginning on January 1, was blind, but that he was doing a work that was worth more to the department than the \$500 a year he received. He said that he was blind, but that he was doing a work that was worth more to the department than the \$500 a year he received.

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MARTIAL YARN FROM HAYTI

THE HORSE OF T. WOLF, JR.,
ROUTED AN ARMY.

It was Parading in the Square at Port-au-Prince, and the Horse Aforesaid Being Cantankerous Squashed Among Others Four Generals and Three Colonels.

This is a tale of martial glory. A regular foreign fighting story. Out of the South it comes and truly we tell it.

This particular yarn came in yesterday morning by the Sarnia, a ship that runs between this port and the West Indies. The hero is T. Wolf, Jr., son of a French chemist of Delaware. He took a little jaunt down into the Caribbean three weeks ago to see what life was like in the Greater Antilles. He told the story himself.

The Sarnia lay over a day in Port au Prince, Hayti, and T. Wolf went ashore and hired a horse. He wanted to call upon the President. The horse wasn't much, he said, but it served his purpose and took a big part in the day's work. It was the horse that helped in the fight.

Nobody can say that T. Wolf fought single handed. He fought four footed. The record stood when he got through with it. A General to a foot with three Colonels thrown in. The other casualties weren't reported. Perhaps they didn't amount to enough, being only common soldiers. But it may be that there are no common soldiers in the Haytian army, just Generals and Colonels.

T. Wolf, having hired his horse, mounted it and rode toward the great square which lies at the center of that city, far from the custom house and the jail. The square as far as the eye could reach was empty, shining white under the sun, save for an intervening struggle which was always getting itself mixed up with the statue of Columbus or Toussaint L'Ouverture. Mr. Wolf wasn't sure which. Whenever the tail of the struggle swung around toward the statue it dropped off and smoked cigarettes until the main body came around again.

It was plain therefore that somebody was doing something of a formal nature there in the great square and that a number of others, perhaps three dozen, were doing it with him. T. Wolf rode on. As he approached he perceived that the members of this convoluting body were dressed in many colors. The coats were mostly white, or had been. The coats were blue or red or green and varied apparently as individual tastes or necessities demanded. But there was always gold. No matter what the rest of the clothing was made of the buttons were brass, with blue and yards of gold rope sewed on tightly.

T. Wolf rode on. Presently he reached the statue. Sitting on the pedestal were a number of persons smoking cigarettes, the same who had been lopped off the statue the day before.

"Good morning," they replied in their own language, which is only partly intelligible.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"They shook their heads. 'Don't know,' they said.

"Where does the President live?" he asked.

"Don't know," they said again.

"Who are those men?" he asked, pointing to those who were still busily wheeling and coming out of the statue.

Again they shook their heads, carefully concealing what appeared to be runs.

"The President Simon, Third Election District, Marching Club," said T. Wolf to himself.

Out on the square there was a fat man in a hat like the Duke of Marlborough in the country. He stood at the wheel and didn't have to wait for him. He did what he wanted to mark time. The men on the pedestal pointed to him.

"He's the boss," said Wolf. "I'll touch him."

He aimed his horse at the fat man and drove ahead. But at that moment the marchers stopped and began to walk backward, not looking at him, but at the fat man in the Marlborough hat, but he didn't quite make it. Four other men, knowing exactly what was up, balked. The fat man bravely came up and caught the bride with a strong black hand.

He said something, but at first shot didn't seem to mean anything. Then T. Wolf heard something like "army" and more like "general". The fat man gave a quick, sharp order and the four men who had been behind him reached up hands to haul him from his horse.

"Heigho," said T. Wolf, "none of that."

And he beat his heels against the horse's ribs.

"Brrrr," said they altogether. "Gr—ow." "That horse of mine," said Mr. Wolf, "telling of it, just sort of squashed those soldiers. Four of them, I heard it afterward. Three more were Colonels. Sure Colonels and Generals. They're thick as peaches in Delaware. They said something, but at first shot didn't seem to mean anything. Then T. Wolf heard something like "army" and more like "general". The fat man gave a quick, sharp order and the four men who had been behind him reached up hands to haul him from his horse.

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COMIC OPERA PLOT SAILS.

Liner Canadian's Passengers and Cattle Tenders Mostly College Boys and Girls.

BOSTON, July 7.—With her cabins filled with pretty girl students from Wellesley and her cattle tender force made up principally of college men, the Leyland Line steamship Canadian, Capt. Bullock, sailed from Charlestown this afternoon. She had the largest number of passengers she had ever carried and she went out with all her accommodations filled, principally with students and teachers who will spend their vacation making a tour of Europe.

Some of the Wellesley girls seemed mightily interested in the healthy looking young college men in flannels, who went into the cattle-men's quarters to change their apparel for jumpers. The boys shipped as cattle-men to keep down the cost.

Among the amateur cow punchers were R. E. Coleman of Grand Rapids, Mich.; A. Dinet of Macdonald, Ill.; both of the University of Wisconsin; R. L. Bridgman of Beloit, Wis.; C. Marvin of Chicago, both of Amherst; W. Smith of Cape Town, South Africa; who has been studying at the University of Michigan; A. James of Portsmouth, England, a student at Lebanon University, and Scott Paradis of Medford, who will enter Yale next year.

Among the passengers were Miss M. I. Bennett, Miss Charlotte D. Lyman, Miss Milton Robinson, Miss M. H. Shackford, Miss Margaret P. Sherwood, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Miss Ethel B. Grant, all of Wellesley.

Most of the girls were accompanied by chaperones, and they will take various routes on reaching the other side.

PAUL KELLY, STRIKE LEADER.

As Chief of the Scow Trimmers He Is Worried Street Cleaning Department.

Despite the vigilance of the police and the warning of Capt. Corcoran of the East 104th street station to Paul Kelly, now president of the Scow Trimmers Union, known to the Italians as P. A. Vaccarrelli, to be good, the new men who were taken on yesterday in place of the striking scow trimmers were coaxed away almost as fast as they could be taken on. Police guarded all the dumps, of which there are six on the East Side, one in Harlem and four on the West Side, besides a few land filling dumps in the Bronx.

The present contractor for trimming the scows is Celestino De Marco, who signed a three year contract beginning last Monday. By the terms of this contract he must pay the city \$1,717 a week for the privilege of trimming the scows. He pays the scow trimmers, and his profit is in the commercial value of the marketable stuff found by the trimmers in searching through the refuse.

Some of his predecessors say they have lost money owing to the fluctuating value of the salable matter found, waste paper, for instance, has recently gone down in the market. The present contractor has given bonds to the value of \$25,000 and a cash deposit of \$15,000 as security for the amount of the contract.

The demand of the strikers, according to the contractor, is for the prevailing rate of wages, rather an indefinite demand, as the scow trimmers on strike have only one line in this business. They had been getting from \$1.25 to \$2 a day, and say that wages in the other occupations have increased while their wages have remained the same. They demand an increase averaging \$1.20 a week. The scow trimmers are organized as a branch of the International Longshoremen's Union, and are known as the Scow Trimmers Union, has his headquarters in a saloon near the foot of East 104th street.

BIG FRANK FELTON DEAD.

Gambler Who Killed Guy Roche Succumbs After an Operation.

Frank Felton, the gambler who shot and killed Guy Roche, another gambler, in front of the Herald Square Theatre on Thanksgiving Day, 1904, died yesterday in the Peasekill Hospital of appendicitis. He had not been well for some time. He was taken from his home near Peekskill to the hospital on Monday night and was operated on immediately.

Felton was commonly known as Big Frank. He used to run the Trolley Club at 128 West Thirty-sixth street, which was put out of business by the police after the shooting of Roche. He met at Broadway and Thirty-sixth street. They continued an old quarrel and Felton shot his man. Then, breaking through a window, he ran into a room on the second floor where he was arrested. Roche said in an antemortem statement that Felton had shot in self defense and this was the only statement he made.

Felton was acquitted by a Coroner's jury after fifteen minutes deliberation. Since that time Felton had been living in a rooming house near the Peasekill at his farm near Peekskill. His wife survives him.

The body was brought to New York last night and taken to an undertaking establishment.

YOUNG SULZBERGER DEAD.

After Operation for Appendicitis—Plants to Be Closed for the Funeral.

James N. Sulzberger, son of Ferdinand Sulzberger, president of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger publishing firm, died yesterday afternoon in the Mount Sinai Hospital after an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Sulzberger was taken ill a week ago and an operation was performed last Thursday. Mr. Sulzberger was born on August 9, 1881. He was a graduate of Yale College and the University of Chicago. He had been practicing for a time, leaving the law firm of Deane, Robinson & Sulzberger to devote his time to the interests of the publishing firm.

The funeral will be on Friday morning from Mr. Sulzberger's home, 31 West Seventy-first street. All the plants of the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger firm will shut down on that day and the branches all over the country will be closed.

Obituary Notes.

James Surples, founder of the hardware firm of Surples, and father of a small son, Thomas J. Surples, died yesterday at his home, 222 West 104th street, Brooklyn. Mr. Surples was born in New York city in 1830, and for forty-five years had been engaged in the hardware business. He was an active Independent Republican. He was a member of the Throop Athletic Club and the Throop Club. He was a trustee of the Bushwick and East Brooklyn Dispensary, a noble of the Mystic Shrine, and a member of the Grand Lodge of Acanthus Lodge, F. and A. M. A Knight Templar, a member of the Grand Council, and a member of the Grand Lodge of the Society of Old Brooklynites. He is survived by a wife and five sons.

Stephen Crosby Barnum, at one time president of the large clothing firm in this city, died yesterday afternoon at his home, 100 West 104th street, New York. He was 62 years of age. He had been suffering for the last five weeks with a complication of diseases. He was born in Brewster, N. Y., sixty-five years ago, and when a young man he came to New York, where he became a partner in the retail clothing business, later establishing a large store at Chatham Square. He was married and had a wife and two sons, Stephen C. Barnum, Jr., of East Orange and Joshua Barnum of New York, survive him.

Attila Cox, president of the Louisville, Henderson and St. Louis Railroad, chairman of the board of directors of the Louisville Finance and Trust Company and formerly vice-president of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, died yesterday in Louisville. He had been ill for some time. He was a member of the Louisville Club and the Louisville Athletic Club. He was a trustee of the Louisville Dispensary, a noble of the Mystic Shrine, and a member of the Grand Lodge of Acanthus Lodge, F. and A. M. A Knight Templar, a member of the Grand Council, and a member of the Grand Lodge of the Society of Old Brooklynites. He is survived by a wife and five sons.

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TH' BLOOMING PEA ON SHOW

WITH PRIZES DEAR FOR MR. LOW, AND OTHERS TOO.

Called From the Gardens Where They Grow, Beauty and Fragrance Measured in Row of Every Hue—Ahl Who Would Not Raise Peas to Win Such Fame?

All the aristocracy of sweet pea-dom, irrespective of color, perfume or previous condition of horticulture, was collected under one roof for the first time yesterday afternoon when the National Sweet Pea Society of America held its first exhibition up at the Museum of Natural History. Despite its ornate name this organization saw the light of day only yesterday.

The society has been nurtured along by Harry A. Bunyard, who is connected with a firm of seed men at 342 West Fourteenth street. The idea of exploiting the sweet pea in this way was the brain child of this same Mr. Bunyard. He has been the promoting gardener who has given the proposed organization all the care that such a tender sprouting plant demands in the shape of letters to persons who have a passion for rearing this flower, and he is about to water the stock of the scheme—if the metaphor may be accepted without any slur upon Mr. Bunyard's financial methods—in the way of obtaining life and annual members at so much per man.

He has been interesting people for a long time, and when the exhibits were unpacked up at the museum yesterday it took three long tables with vases lined up three and four abreast to hold the packages of fragrance which had been sent in.

There were mauve and cerise and burnt orange and flaming crimson and speckled blossoms by the hundreds, besides thousands of just plain red, pink, white, lavender and purple ones. Yes, and there was one which bore the label "brilliant blue," though no woman who read it declared that the man who put it there must have been color blind in at least one eye.

Another curiously shaded flower was inscribed "Othello," simply that and nothing more. It was as near to the color of chocolate, perhaps, as it is possible to get in the realm of petals, pollen and perfume.

All in all it was the brightest colored corner of the museum without a doubt. The Navajo blankets in the next corridor simply paled in comparison, and the musty smell of money and aboriginal canons had to give place to the perfume of fragrance that was uncorrupted by the exhibitors.

You had to do everything according to the rules and regulations to get your peascakes on the tables. Light green translucent vases half a foot high were provided to hold the sweet peas, and it was suggested that no one should be seated at a table with more than twenty sprays. The foliage couldn't be used either except in a few cases, and any one who tried to stick up a spray of roses or carnations by wiring the flowers or the stems was disqualified at the start. That was relatively as grave a breach as doping up a horse before he is sent out on the track.

Twenty sprays in a vase, three and four vases in a row, more than a hundred rows on each of the three long tables, made the total number of blossoms about 1,000. The figure it out for yourself that there were plenty of sweet peas.

Three experts in how sweet peas should be grown, from the Connecticut Agricultural Experiment Station, and from the University of Wisconsin, who had been in the business for many years, were on hand to answer questions. They were in the business for many years, and were on hand to answer questions.

Of the private exhibitors—a number were seed and flower dealers—Seth Low came out about as well as any. He had a collection of sweet peas in which the number of varieties counted, to cash prizes of \$1.

There was just one entry for the Bodding cup, that was the one which Howard Gould sent from Castle Gould, and it contained sixty-two varieties. The name of Harry Turner, Mr. Gould's gardener, was displayed with that of the exhibitor.

Mr. Low sent his exhibit from Bedford Station, N. Y. In class 13, which called for sweet peas of color, he had a collection of sweet peas in which the number of varieties counted, to cash prizes of \$1.

In the afternoon the society was organized after a certain amount of debate in a rooming house near the Peasekill. Prof. John Craig, who teaches horticulture to the boys up at Ithaca, was elected president, and Mr. Bunyard had to be persuaded to accept the office.

Last night Prof. Craig, on paper on "Trial Grounds for Sweet Peas" and this morning at 10 the Rev. W. T. Hutchins will speak. This afternoon G. W. Kerr of Boston, Mass., will speak on "The Night W. Atlee Burpee and others will speak. In the meantime the sweet pea will continue to be glorified in the open hours of the show. It lasts till 9 o'clock to-night.

LOEB SHOWS THEM CONEY.

Collector Loeb Has a Washington Party Under His Wing at the Island.

Collector Loeb last evening showed the sights of Coney Island to a party of his Washington friends. In the party were Congressman Clegg of New York, Gronna of North Dakota, Caldwell of Kansas, Hawley of Oregon, Haugen of Iowa and Murdock of Kansas, Surveyor Clarkson and Naval Officer Kracke. The Congressmen came up from Washington for a good time, and they had it. What they didn't see wasn't worth seeing.

"Why, I am having the time of my life," said Representative Caldwell, "and I am having the time of my life. You see, out in Kansas we don't have anything like this. It certainly does beat our country for a good time. And I am having a good time trying to hit the ducky's head that he seemed to have forgotten there was any such thing as a corporation or insurance proposition."

Of all the attractions the lawmakers seemed to get the most fun out of the scenic railways, for with the exception of Congressman Hawley of Oregon, who said he didn't like the sensation, all of the members of the party remained on one of the railways for not less than half a dozen trips.

The Washington members of the party left the island early enough to catch the midnight train for the capital.

New Carpenter Lecturer at Columbia.

President Butler of Columbia has announced as the Carpenter Foundation lecturer next year Arthur L. Smith of Balliol College, Oxford. He will be in residence at the university from about March 10 for one month, giving three lectures. The fourth general lecture will be the history and literature of English political theories in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

WHEN I AM RICH
A NOVEL By ROY MASON.

IF you were dead broke—and had no job—and insufficient clothes—and nothing to eat—and you were too proud to go to your friends—and you wanted to get married—what would you do?

The hero of this novel wins out because he is an optimist. He wheels a truck on a river dock—buys expensive clothes on a bluff—rents an \$18,000 apartment on his cheek—wins a big bet—gets a job on Wall street—builds a railroad on his nerve—catches the Twentieth Century Limited by throwing snow balls—utilizes a hippopotamus for a chaperon—and wins his lady love. In a word he is irresistible. The story is wholesome, breezy, humorous and the conclusion is intensely satisfactory.

If such a story appeals to you take a look at it in any book store.

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